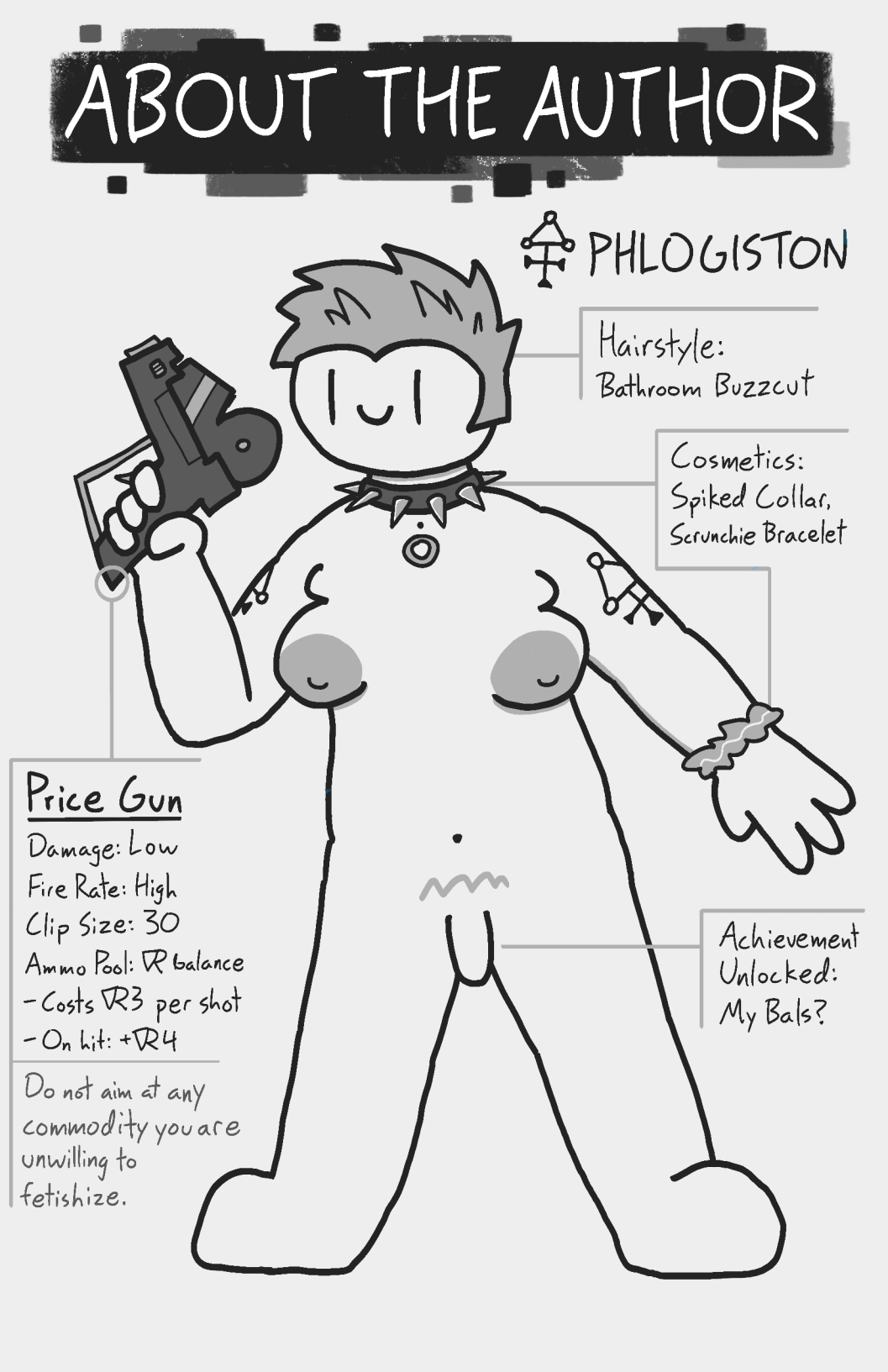
ABOUT THE AUTHOR



BEHIND THE SCENES

The pitch that started it all, from Thanksgiving 2023:

Okay, if I've been thinking about a comic idea all day to the point of dreaming about it, I think it's worth fleshing out

👀 1 ☻

We start with a nude trans girl sliding out of some wet and clammy biomatter printer into a well-stocked armory, and a screen that says "README"; when tapped, it says "YOU HAVE NOW CONSENTED TO PARTICIPATE. ARM YOURSELF AS YOU SEE FIT. DOOR OPENS IN 2 MINUTES."

She nervously grabs, like, a hunting knife and handgun, and then nervously steps out onto a concrete balcony once the door opens; a sniper rifle cracks, and another copy of her slumps down dead from an upper level, and she gets a tooltip on the body telling her that eating and/or fucking other players' corpses will confer benefits

It's never clear exactly how mechanized these girls are, but their blood sure ain't red

-Several panels of a cyborg girl being printed/assembled in a T-pose, modular parts snapping together, etc.
-the girl slips out of a gooey, yonic opening onto the floor of a small chamber
-first-person shots of her vision coming into focus, seeing the bright tablet flashing README as the only source of light
-she staggers to her feet and taps the tablet, displaying the message
-bright lights flick on, revealing a well-stocked armory along the walls, and she panics as the timer ticks down before settling on a knife and handgun
-the timer hits 0, the door slides open, she crouches in the doorframe and slowly ventures out to a concrete balcony
-she's startled by the crack of a sniper rifle, and an identical body slumps down from a higher level of the terraced balconies
-a tooltip pops up: "Sisters' bodies can be **consumed** and/or **consummated** for permanent bonuses!"
-checking that the coast is clear, she nervously pops off a forearm and cautiously takes a bite with sharp teeth
-Text appears in front of her, some stat boosts TBD
-she continues eating, and gets an erection

😳 3 ☻

The attention that this project drew so quickly is a potent motivator, I think I'm really onto something and am excited to keep plotting it out

Going for something that truly *hits*

-fully erect, she devours the last scraps of the arm and eyes the head
-with much less hesitation, she pops it off and begins fucking the neck socket

-on the verge of orgasm, she hears footsteps and goes cold with dread
-it's the girl who sniped the body she's currently eating/fucking, making a friendly hands-up gesture, with the same hair color, and wearing some accessories (eyepatch, maybe?) (edited)

-the sniper points to the body with an "are you gonna finish that?" gesture, and they jointly eat and fuck it; Sniper recommends that the girl take the body's weapon(?)

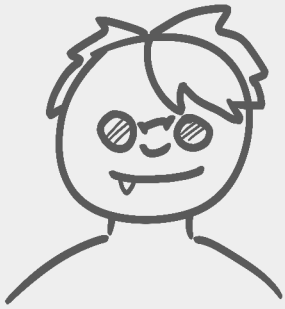
Those notes became the first 18 pages, with few drastic changes. (The armory changed to the point-buy system for the sake of both worldbuilding and not having to draw all that.)

There's also no mention of teams, but they were added fast- what does loyalty look like when teamkilling can be the right play?

Green Leader

Pince-nez,
Unchanging eye shape

Carries luger at base, grenade launcher in field



Antimony

Antimony's design barely changed, but a Luger felt both too Nazi-coded and less scary than not needing a weapon at all.

(Also, I gave her cargo pants and then never showed her below the waist - whoops.)

The hobbled harem and limb-kitchen were always planned for the base, to show fucked-up domesticity and flex Antimony's capture of all four teams.

Originally, the server in the base was a respawned, team-switched version of the first girl Sulfur ate.

However, she didn't really have a distinct design, and this broke the scene's flow and gave away the story's ending.

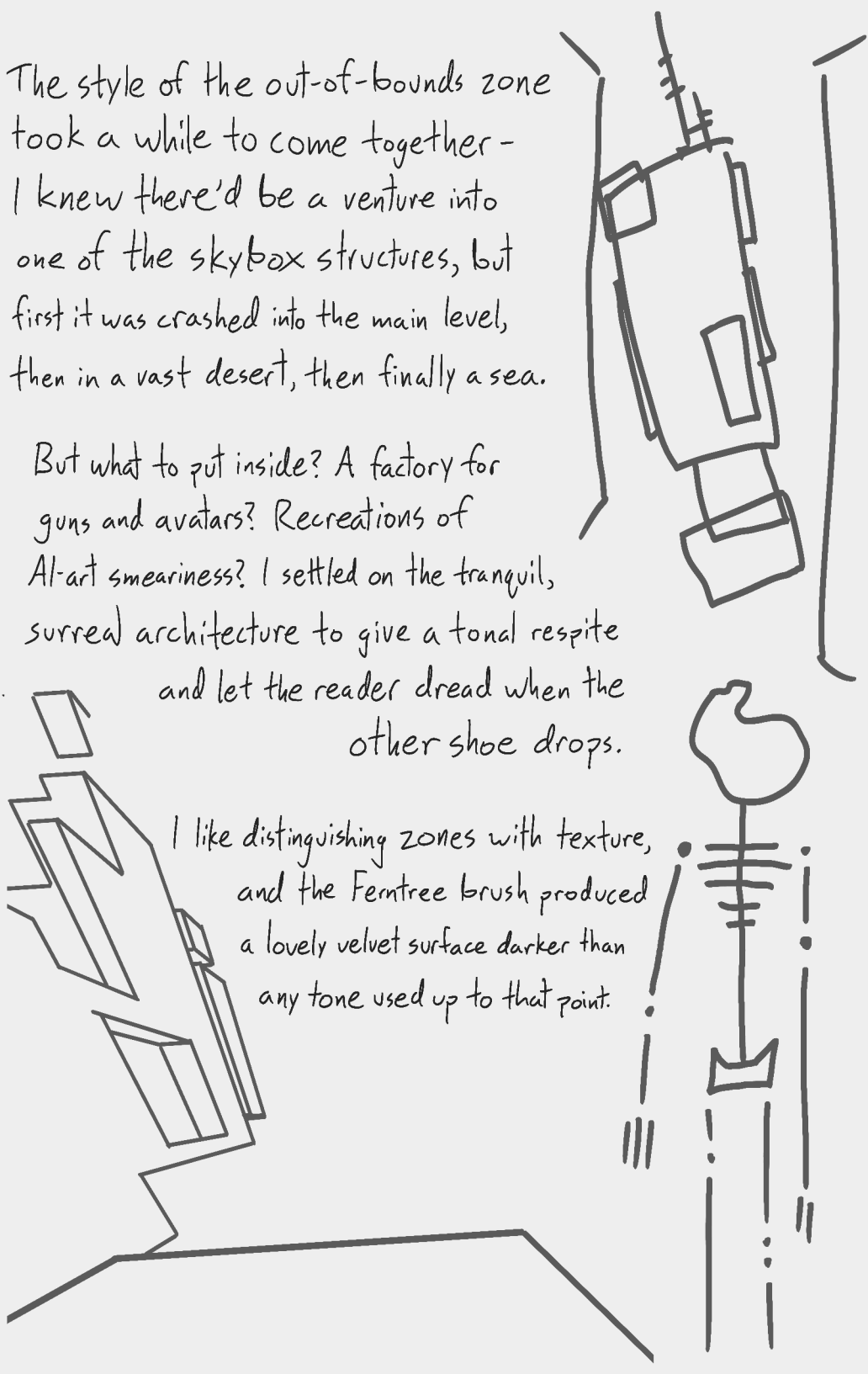
Uranium began as the pitch "Transmasc Duke Nukem," plus the arena-shooter staple of rocket jumping.
I wanted the guys to feel like brief visitors from their own storyline, closer in tone to the Team Fortress 2 comics.

Like their elements, Uranium kills explosively, while Polonium favors covert ops.

The style of the out-of-bounds zone took a while to come together - I knew there'd be a venture into one of the skybox structures, but first it was crashed into the main level, then in a vast desert, then finally a sea.

But what to put inside? A factory for guns and avatars? Recreations of AI-art smeariness? I settled on the tranquil, surreal architecture to give a tonal respite and let the reader dread when the other shoe drops.

I like distinguishing zones with texture, and the Ferntree brush produced a lovely velvet surface darker than any tone used up to that point.



The first character sketches for But With Boys; I liked the subtle gag of mirror-flipping Copper's eyepatch and bandolier.

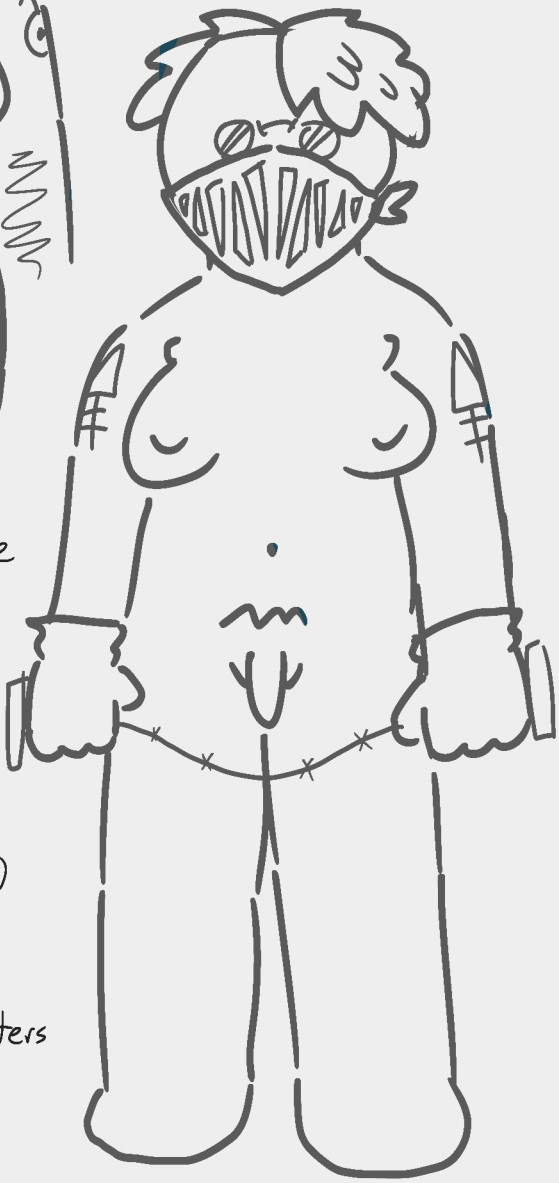
This Sulfur felt off-model in the wrong way; it felt better to give him a shortened version of the same hairstyle, plus wispy facial hair.

The bug-eyed bewilderment stayed, but with a bit more backbone, as if this isn't his first time around...

I considered giving this Antimony a golf club or claw hammer, but as before, having no weapon was scariest. With that, the scene clicked into place fast: this isn't a performance with Sulfur as the audience, it's an initiation rite with an irreversibly violent act to bind you to the group. "Of course you don't want this. I know that. That's kind of the point."

Girl-Uranium's design came together fast, but the weapon was tricky— I considered a grenade launcher with exotic ammo types, then a guandao or other over-the-top melee weapon, but fists + flashbangs felt right for the balance of Demoknight and Heavy.

(Very glad I changed the bike shorts to a jockstrap.)



Polonium got adapted to Phosphorus, evoking more Spy than Scout and looking like a junior version of Antimony. (Plus a bit of Hank Wimbleton.)

I'm happy with how they remix/mirror other characters while being fun designs in their own right.

STRANGE GAMING DIARY

I know this is an odd case, since replaceable parts was a hyped-up mainstream game once upon a time. but while the franchise has sputtered out, unable to chart culture-war riptides, the original game has been Ship of Theseus'd into something worthy of this blog.

if you haven't had the pleasure, replaceable parts is a team shooter in which naked trans avatars eat and fuck each others' corpses to heal and level up. if this sounds like edgy controversy-bait, it's not *not* that, but for a game from 200X it handles this all surprisingly well. the characters are nude in the same way that ancient statues are nude; their chalk-white skin with neon hair and guts evokes both the austerity of pop-culture antiquity and the tacky-ass truth. it's mechanically relevant, too - you have no storage space by default and must scrounge for every belt and bandolier.

(With apologies to princesspengy.space.)

Figure One: box art that kick-started many important realizations in the middle of Gamestop.

the cannibalism and necrophilia get the same consideration. There are always tense tradeoffs - *how long can I immobilize myself? can I afford the refractory cooldown? how much should I press my luck in the thrusting minigame? when's the right time to teamkill?*

it all comes together into a taut gameplay loop (once you've adjusted to the era's design sensibilities) where deaths come quickly and often (just like you) but rarely feel unfair. explore the terrain, get a different gun, learn the timing windows, and you'll quite literally nab 'em with their pants down. fun, for sure, but once you adjust to the aesthetic it's not that far off from the rest of its genre.

Figure Two: an introduction to the central gameplay loop.

now we fast-forward twenty years. the *Dudes Rock* expansion is a hit. *Replaceable Parts: Sloppy Seconds* has twice the rendering power and half the ideas. *Ménage à Trois* is an improvement, but faces both hand-wringing respectability politics and naked bigotry. the IP becomes radioactive in the public eye. the studio gets bought out, downsized, and unceremoniously dissolved.

but throughout all this, the playerbase of the first game grows up. they have some important personal realizations. they learn game design and computer science. they grow tired of modern trends in gaming and queer discourse. they dust off a game that gave them funny feelings once upon a time.

Figure Three: the height of the franchise's cultural prominence.

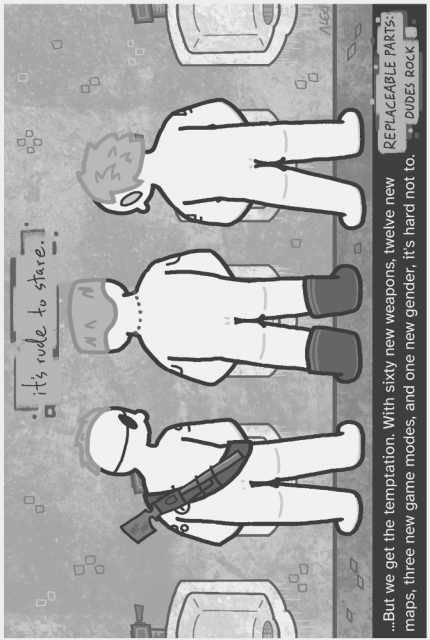

It's rude to stare.
...But we get the temptation. With sixty new weapons, twelve new maps, three new game modes, and one new gender, it's hard not to.
REPLACEABLE PARTS:
DUDES ROCK

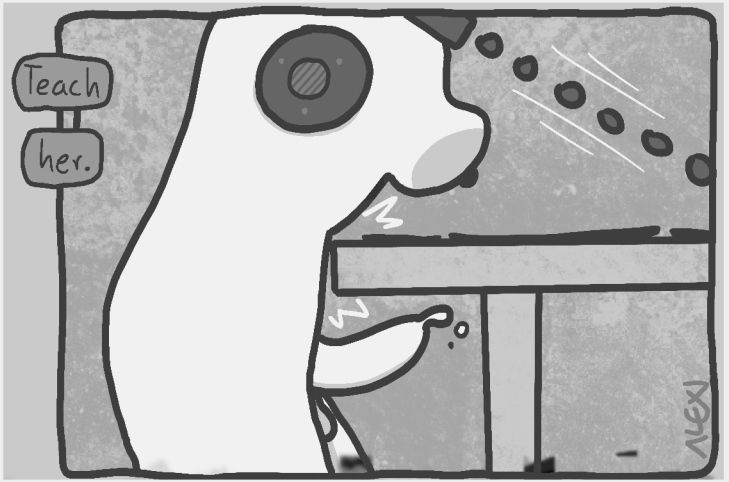
Figure Four: a representative sample of the marketing's tone.

I missed the boat on the game's first heyday, and went into this not knowing much about the modding scene beyond "it exists and gets weird." my first few minutes were unassuming enough; beyond some modern loading-screen quotes and quality-of-life tweaks, it felt pretty faithful to its 2000s origins.

then I got recruited as a guard for a local warlord. then I had to help cook the warlord's books to dodge onerous tribute payments to her patron. then we invited a rival warlord for a feast and killed her at the dessert course. I hadn't fired more than a dozen shots in an hour.

see, through a combination of mods and byzantine social norms, the remaining servers are more akin to mmo roleplay groups or baffling gmod games than arena-shooter matches. the game I joined was *technically* capture-the-flag, but I think it was rigged to be unwinnable - from what I gathered, the game only "ends" once a month or so as a sort of debt jubilee.

Figures Five and Six:
a normal day at Green Base.



the server I joined took care to welcome me as a newbie, and we shared plenty of online-queer-nerd reference points, but it was still clear that there were twenty years of inside jokes and drama and patch notes that I just wasn't there for. the player counts seem stable, though, so the community must be either good at onboarding or *remarkably* devoted.

but even if I'm an outsider and unlikely to change that, I'm happy just knowing that the fandom exists. *how malleable should a game's rules be? how much can social norms enable or restrain our worst impulses? what are the limits of cultural reclamation?* I don't know, but I'm glad we pulled these questions from the corpse of such a rancid little game.

Figures Seven and Eight: valuable advice from both fellow players and tooltips.

FASHION WEEK

SULFUR ♀

- Choker? I hardly know 'er! (common)
- Turncoat's Tracksuit (uncommon)
- Tripping Hazard (rare)

SULFUR Ⓢ

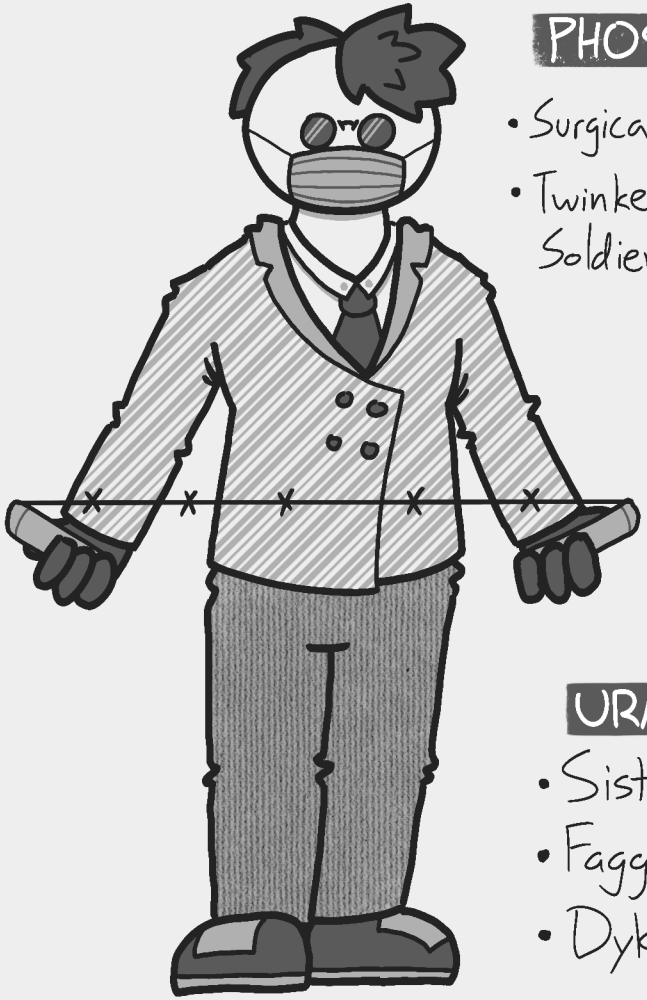
- Castaway's Crop (uncommon)
- Beach Bum (common)
- Flip-Flopper's Footwear (rare)

URANIUM (U)

- Man of Letters (rare)
- Stinking Strap (uncommon)
- Jock's Socks (uncommon)

POLONIUM (Po)

- Saboteur's Scarf (rare)
- Team Carrier (rare)
- Squeeze Shorts (rare)



PHOSPHORUS

- Surgical Strike (common)
- Twinker Tailor Soldier Spy (iconic)

URANIUM

- Sisterbeater (rare)
- Faggy Flannel (rare)
- Dyke Denim (rare)

COPPER ♀

- Cunt Eastwood (iconic)
- Midnight Cowboy (uncommon)

COPPER Cu

- Teutonic Tunic (iconic)
- Bavarian Buckler (rare)

ANTIMONY (♁)

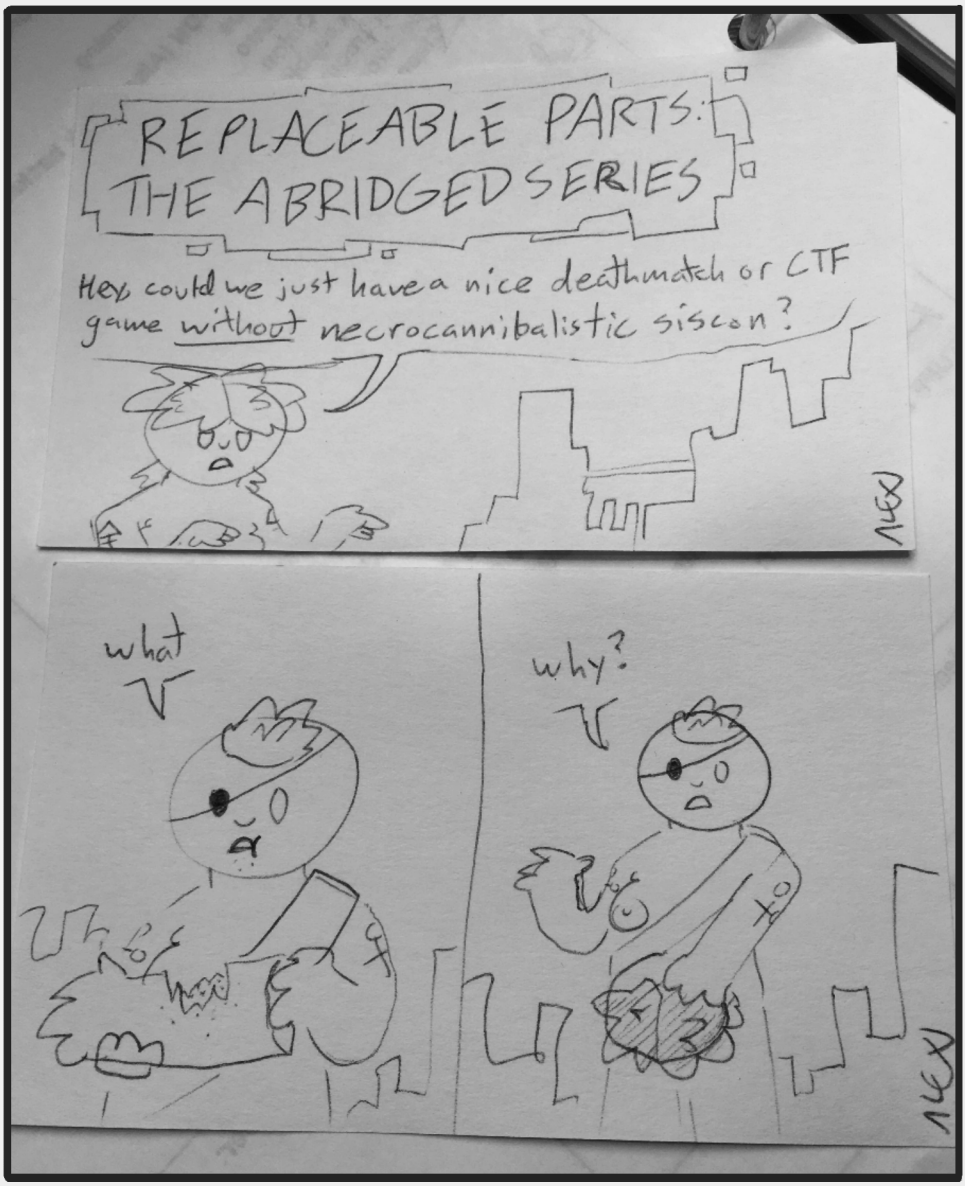
- Mom of Finland (iconic)

ANTIMONY (Sb)

- Funny Gamer (iconic)

TERRIBLE COMIC DAY

(Holiday created by @pseudonymjones.)


REPLACEABLE PARTS: THE ABRIDGED SERIES
Hey, could we just have a nice deathmatch or CTF game without necrocannibalistic siscon?
what
why?

ARMS
BODY
LEGS
FLESH
SKIN
BONE
SINEW
~~GOOD LUCK~~

REPLACEABLE PARTS

♀ ♂ ☿ ▽ ♃ ⊖ Hg U Po

shit, man, this siscon war is fucked.
I just saw a girl make an obscene joke out of stock phrases and force-feed a prisoner her own arms.
She didn't even get Play Of The Game,
that's how common this shit is. My ass is over here with a 9mm and a hunting knife. I think I just heard the wet thwaps of a brothel or slaughterhouse, possibly both. I gotta get the fuck outta here.

utilitymonstergirl

tumblr / dreamwidth / bluesky

itch.io / neocities